

S T O R Y VII.

The undutiful CHILD.

A Great Boy was so wicked as to forget his Duty to his Father and Mother: They loved him dearly, and employ'd all their Time in striving to make him happy. He was their only Child, on him they placed all their Fondness and all their Hopes. But in Spite of their Care, he kept wicked Company, and grew naughty and disobedient, and filled with Pride, was so foolish as to think himself as wise as his Father. He loved to slide upon the Ice in the Winter, and his Father sometimes indulged him in this Diversion; but one Day he forbid his sliding upon a River that ran near the House, and desired him not to venture, since he thought the Frost not great enough to bear him; but his Father had no sooner left him, than the silly Boy cried, Don't I know as well as my Father when the Ice will bear me? I think there is no Danger, and that is enough; I grow a great Boy, and won't be kept under. At this he went; but had no sooner got to the Middle of the River, than he felt the Ice give way. Oh! cry'd he, that I had been ruled by
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